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"TREED!"



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Editor, H. C. Bunner.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WE WONDER if any one who was in New York on the 30th of April asked himself, as he gazed on the hundreds of thousands of men in and out of uniform who filled the streets and the houses, diffusing patriotic ardor throughout the town: "How many of these able-bodied citizens take tips?"

If there were such a man, and he tried to answer his own question from his own experience and observation, he must have come to the conclusion that, for a nation of freemen, we have a startlingly large element of inveterate, indurated, habitual, professional tip-takers in our population. And a man who could so far indulge in reflection on so festive and uproarious an occasion would probably go further and reflect that a large element of this sort is necessarily a dangerous element in a republic founded on the equality of all citizenship before the law, and practically committed to the system of universal suffrage. Such a republic must be ruled by her independent citizens, and the tip-taker is not an independent citizen.

But perhaps the reflective man was worrying himself unnecessarily. Perhaps there is no considerable proportion of tip-takers among our citizens. Let the reflective man answer himself according to his personal knowledge. If he is a fairly well-to-do New Yorker, who has traveled about the country, his personal knowledge of the spread of the tip-taking habit must be great. He knows, of course, that all waiters take tips — that they must take tips, in fact, — their employers having forced the public to pay them their wages. If he would be properly served, he must pay his tip in every restaurant he enters. And in hotels he must tip not the waiters only, but all the other servants who do any thing for him.

In truth, the moment he begins to travel and to put up at hotels, he must pave his way to comfort with silver tips. Waiters, headwaiters, hall-boys, elevator-boys, porters, chambermaids; housekeepers and chefs even, all are looking for tips. When he leaves the hotel to continue his journey, he finds a porter at the station ready to check his trunk — and to pocket a tip. If he takes his seat in a drawing-room car, he must tip another porter who brings him his luncheon. When he goes into the sleeping-car, still another porter must be tipped to blacken his shoes and hand his ticket to the conductor. And so he tips right and left until he reaches another hotel and finds a new set of tip-takers waiting for him. He encounters, it is true, one or two officials whom he need not tip. There is a certain majesty about the passenger-car conductor and the gorgeous hotel-clerk that makes it difficult for a humble citizen to offer them any baser bribe than tobacco or alcohol, always tendered as modest testimonials of esteem and regard. And yet even this rule has exceptions. Hotel-clerks have been found corruptible in the matter of assigning choice rooms, and the drawing room-car conductor will put his pride in his pocket with an adequate tip, every chance he may get.

But the curse of tips neither begins nor ends with hotel-life and traveling. This same citizen finds it at home as well as abroad. If he lives in a flat, he knows that the janitor is not only a licensed robber, who takes toll of his coal and wood and ice, but an accomplished collector of tips, who must be liberally "sweetened" at Christmas, and perhaps at the beginning of the Summer season. And wherever he lives, he knows that the grocer's boy and the butcher's boy and every other boy who brings him any of the necessities of life, must be tipped at the holiday season, if promptitude in service is a matter of the slightest importance. If he goes to his barber's, the brush-boy whisks invisible dust off his coat with one hand, and holds out the other for a tip. And the barber himself, for all he calls himself a "tonsorial artist," will gratefully take a tip over and above the price of his work. And why should the barber be ashamed to accept this gratuity? Officials of the municipal and national

government are not all over-proud in such matters. The policeman who "keeps an eye" on our tip-giving citizen's house while it is closed in the Summer will take his tip, and the postman, though he may no longer ask for it, as he did in the days of "carriers' addresses," slips a tip into the pocket of his gray jacket when Christmas time comes 'round, and thinks no shame of it.

It is impossible that all this tip-giving should not demoralize the tip-takers. There is a natural curse on money that is found, that is won by gambling, or that comes as a gift. It does not bring with it the sense of responsibility which belongs to money fairly earned. It tempts the recipient to undervalue honest labor. It teaches him to value money for money's sake, and to look with indifference on the means by which it is acquired. This is a thoroughly bad education for citizens who have to govern themselves and their fellows; and it is easy to see what conclusions they must reach when they begin to reason from the premise that a dollar taken as a gift is as good as a dollar earned. This is a premise that, accepted, involves acceptance of the broad principle that a dollar, once got, is as good as any other dollar: the way of getting the dollar being a matter of indifference. And we must remember that the man who takes a tip goes to the primaries and to the polls. Are we to expect him to keep clearly in mind the distinction between taking a tip for his service and taking a tip for his vote?

Before we look to him for any such delicacy of perception, let us find out what it means to give a tip. The word "tip" is not yet good English. It is slang, that has got into the dictionaries, but that has not yet been accepted by writers of pure English. Yet it must be accepted, sooner or later, for it expresses what is not expressed by the word which is too often used as its synonym — "fee." A fee is something that is given for an equivalent. It is a technical word, used properly to describe certain payments which can not be exactly classified as payment for wages, purchase or rental. If you pay a street-boy for carrying your satchel, you pay him a fee. But if the boy be hired by a company which you have paid to transport your satchel, what you may pay the boy for his personal benefit is a gratuity, or, to use the better word, (slang or not,) a tip. And if you pay him to do your carrying better or quicker than he does the work of other people whom the company pays him to serve, what you give him is not a fee, nor a gratuity, nor a tip, but a bribe.

If this definition seems to you too severe, test it by an actual case. Let us take, at random, the case of the drawing-room-car porter. If he will serve well and promptly only the man who tips him, he betrays for a bribe the company that hires him and the public which he is hired to serve. The tip makes of him a doubly dishonest servant. It is a small matter, you may say, if he serves A and keeps B waiting. But if B, who gives him no tip, and who therefore gets for the price of his ticket little more than the privilege of sitting in his seat — if B makes up his mind that he will no longer travel on a drawing-room-car, and tells C and D and E and F and G of his experience, in the end it will be no small matter for the company that hires the tip-taking porter. One thing is sure, the company has a dishonest servant, who being dishonest in one way, may just as readily be dishonest in another. Should the company complain if the man whom it has taught to cheat the public turns about and cheats his employers? Certainly, the company teaches him this lesson when it pays him low wages which he accepts with the understanding that he is to make himself good by taking tips. If he learns the lesson, how is he to be expected to do his duty, when the whole traveling public is practically invited to bribe him not to do it — to give one man, for a tip, what another man can not get for the price of his contract with the company?

The reflective citizen need not puzzle his brains to see the danger that lies in a general willingness to take tips. If he is a man of middle age, he can remember a time when it was not safe to offer tips promiscuously to free-born Americans — when a man who offered tips to his fellow-citizens took the chance of being reminded in a forcible way that freemen do not take tips. We can no longer make that proud boast for our country. As far as tip-giving and tip-taking is concerned, we are getting to be pretty nearly as bad as England — that England we jeer at, where you may tip almost any one, from a railway porter to the son of the Prime Minister at Eton.

What is the remedy for this gross and dangerous abuse? It is not to be found in passing laws against tip-taking; nor in forming associations of reformed tip-givers, pledged to tip no more. As it seems to us, it lies only in teaching employers that a tip-taking employee is a bad business investment, and in teaching all men that no tip is a gift, for it buys the manhood of him who takes it.



HE TRAIN ACQUAINTANCE.

YOU HAVE been riding in and out on the railroad with this gentleman for years, and all know the type.

During the first year or so you only recognize his as a face you are tired of seeing (and, in justice to him, he is possibly as tired of seeing yours) promptly at nine o'clock every day for three hundred and thirteen days.

One morning, at the opening of the second year, he asks you for a match, and, getting it, accosts you with "pleasant morning," as the case may be, for another year and a half.

Then comes the time when—a colony of Italians having pre-empted every seat but the one beside you—he gets aboard and apologetically oozes into the vacant space, with the cheery remark:

"You're fat and I'm thin, so we'll hit off a pretty good average."

For ten minutes there is a little restraint, and then he says:

"It seems strange that men should travel on the same road for years and not get to know each other better. I've often noticed it."

You admit that the cold, hard, cruel American public has lost cycles of honest comfort on account of this fact; and he pulls the conversational throttle one notch further open by asking you why you always smoke a pipe and keep your overcoat collar turned up. He's often noticed it.

You tell him that you prefer a pipe, and are afflicted with incipient consensus of the neck-muscles; and then, in a burst of new-found friendly feeling, he offers you a cigar, with the advice that if you could get hold of that brand and birth-mark of weed, you would throw your pipe away.

Courtesy is in the way of your refusing his testimonial, which goes at once into the handkerchief pocket of your shirt, so as to keep the cigar's bouquet intact; and the next you see of it, it has gone through the wringing machine in the family wash, and is handed to you on a plate by your wife, with the request that you henceforth keep unbleached slipper soles under the sofa, where they belong.

After this presentation incident you are lost.

In one week you have grown to be looked for with wild yearning.

In two weeks, if he finds that an unsuspecting traveler has gone in ahead of him and usurped his privilege, he politely asks him to change his seat that he may abide beside you; and at the close of the third week he is calling you by your preface name.

Then comes the fatal morning when you are sitting with your wife, on shopping intent, in one of the rear coaches.

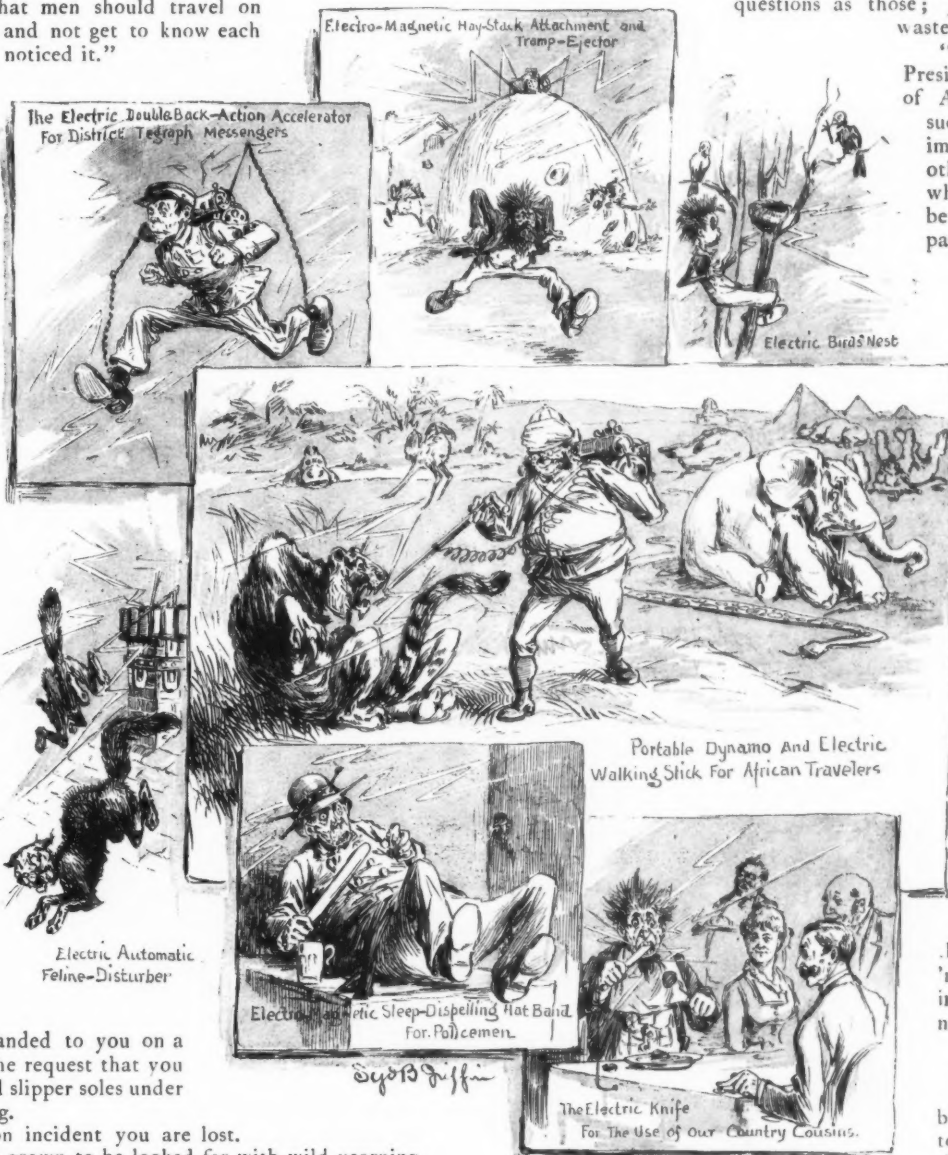
As you reach his station, he gets aboard with his wife, turns the seat in front of you, and a convulsive spasm of introduction follows.

You can't remember his name, but murmur, "Mr. Shib-bol-leth-o-bub-ble," so that your wife will remember him; and on the next Sabbath he drives over to your house to dine with you, and brings the children.

You do not return his visit; but he says he knows that it is difficult for a literary man to give up his Sundays, and he comes again and again.

I am having a sign painted to tack on one of my maple-trees. It reads: "Entertainment for Man and BEAST!"

SOME RECENT ELECTRICAL INVENTIONS.



RUSK HAS MISGIVINGS.

"Well, Brother Rusk," remarked the President one morning, "how do you seem to like the duties of the Agricultural Department?"

"I don't like them, to be frank with you," replied the Secretary.

"Ah! Why not?"

"Well, I don't seem fitted for my duties. I should never have taken the place; but the idea of being a Cabinet Minister tempted me, and I fell."

"Tell me what troubles you. Is it the office-seekers?"

"No, sir. It is the people who imagine that the duties of Secretary of Agriculture are similar to those of the editor of a farmer's paper. Here, for instance," added Mr. Rusk, taking the archives of his department from the interior of his high hat, "here is a letter from a chap in Iowa who wants to know if whiffle-trees are to be planted in the full of the moon. Another chap, this one in Ohio, wants to know if it improves the common breed of sheep to cross them with the hydraulic ram."

"Oh, you are not expected to answer such questions as those; just throw them in the waste-basket."

"But don't you think, Mr. President, that the Secretary of Agriculture should know such things, whether he ever imparts his knowledge to others or not? Otherwise, what qualifications have I to be at the head of this Department?"

"Qualifications? You have plenty, my dear sir. You have a husky voice, and believe in putting a prohibitive duty on wool. Are not these things so?"

"They are."

"Then you are all right."

IF TIME IS MONEY, what is the cost of a "Pigs in Clover" puzzle?

IT IS wonderful how national tastes and prejudices extend even to the lower animals. French frogs are attracted by a ragoût on a hook, and Spanish mackerel are caught by castanets.

THE BARD who sweetly sang: "'T is love that makes the world go 'round," must have been intoxicated with happiness.

THE COAL and salt trusts are bad for the buyer, but they will both operate to lighten the burden of the cellar.

A BAD SIGN.

ARTHUR (*disconsolately*).—No, I have no hope of winning her now.

EDWIN.—Why, what has happened?

ARTHUR.—Oh, it's a little thing! But straws show which way the wind blows. She criticised the color of my neck-tie last night.

EDWIN.—Why, man, that only shows her interest in you. She's just paving the way for you.

ARTHUR (*sadly*).—Yes, she's paving the way to be a sister to me.



HOW ARE THE SIMPLE FALLEN!



HE GREW in purple innocence,
In wood and sheltered nook;
Her bed was moss all hung with dew,
Her mirror was the brook.

The little world, that 'round her feet
With bloom and song was rife,
She thought a thing most marvelous,
And dreamed that this was life.

How are the simple fallen!
The woods know her no more;
But through great cities' streets
she walks,
Or lingers at a door,

She trembles on a bonnet top;
She nestles at the throat
Of maidens fair, and at you
stares
From many an overcoat.

Where men and maids and matrons
Go by, or in to shop;
Where scores of Fashion's devotees
For her their pennies drop.

She glads my lady's mantle,
She smiles in festive halls;
She stands beside a blushing bride,
She goes to all the balls.

She decks the head of prancing steeds,
With Fashion goes to ride;
No wonder that the violet's head
Is fairly turned with pride!

Marjorie Muchmore.

THE PRINCIPAL foreign missions will be ably edited during the present administration.

THE WORLD moves, and a favorite time for it is May 1.



AFTER LUNCHEON.

EDITH (at DELMONICO's, comparing assets with ETHEL).—What shall we do? We have n't enough to pay the bill! (A pause of dismay.)

ETHEL (brightening).—Why, I see what we can do! We'll have the bill sent C. O. D.



STATE-ROOM ATHLETICS.

STEWARD.—What are you trying to do, Sir?

MR. ANKERLINE.—I thought she was going to turn over that last jump, an' I was just gettin' ready to come down on my feet!

NO DISCRIMINATION.

"Elijah!"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you think we might do for that worthy Colonel Shepard, whose wholesome conversation and chaste sprightliness are so distinguished?"

"Really, sir, I scarcely know, unless he is appointed editor of the prayers delivered daily in Congress."

"Excellent, Elijah, excellent! And please arrange with the chaplains to mail him a copy of their prayers a day in advance. The evening papers must not be discriminated against."

"GENTLEMEN AMATEURS."

MISS CHERRY DIAMOND (at the amateur boxing tournament).—Why are all the policemen cheering so?

MR. MERCURY FOOTE.—Jim Brown has just knocked another man senseless. That's his third, to-night.

FORCE OF HABIT.

SCENE (Grand Central Station.)
MINZESHEIMER (with three minutes in which to catch his train).—Gif me a ticket to Voolenton. 'Ow mudge is id?

MORGANSTERN (forgetting himself).—Vell, 'ow mudge do you vant to buy?—er—vun dventy eighd, please!



CONSISTENCY.

CUSTOMER (at WANAMAKER's store).—I would like to see some of your playing cards.

SALES LADY (in astonishment).—Oh, we don't keep cards, but if you would like to look at a beautiful line of "Poker Chips," I can accommodate you.

MORE STAGE REALISM.

DRAMATIC AUTHOR.—Want a new play?
MANAGER (wearily).—Any thing new in it?
DRAMATIC AUTHOR.—Yes, siree—a goat.
MANAGER (meditatively).—Um—I'm afraid it won't draw very well.

DRAMATIC AUTHOR (confidently).—It eats the wire bustle right off the heroine.

MANAGER (excitedly).—Hooray! Gimme the manuscript.

SHE TOOK THE WRONG BUNDLE: OR, HEROIC TREATMENT FOR GOUT.



MRS. CUNNIFF (the wash - woman). — Av Oi 'm not mishkeen, Fourteen' Shtreet 's th' nixt !



THE GUARD. — F'teen' Str — !

A RURAL SYMPHONY.

Allegro.

HE IS A HAPPY cheerful man, is the creature who works for you by the day. His time, which is your money, hangs as lightly on his hands as a cobweb on a rose-bush. He believes the dignity of labor consists in not working too hard, as firmly as he believes that rational exercise is conducive to long life and happiness.

If you approach him, he will show you that he keenly appreciates good company, by stopping work, leaning on his spade, and pouring out a river of miscellaneous information.

His smile is like a sunbeam, as he goes about the place stretching himself and the job. None of your flowers wear so sweet a smile as he, when he gives you advice relative to changing the lay of the grounds, and setting out a few hollyhocks and sunflowers. He always has to go home for a spade or hoe at about ten in the morning, and seldom returns with it inside of an hour, for on the way he meets a man from whom he gathers valuable information as to the best kind of deciduous trees to plant on the lawn, and the nearest place to find them. By the time the meridian whistle starts, his tools are on the ground, and by the time it ceases, he is sitting serenely under a fragrant balsam, eating a sandwich half a foot thick, around which his smile plays like a nimbus. Then he lights his pipe, and remains in this position until it seems a part of him that he can not throw off. That is probably why it takes him so long to rise when the minster tells the hour of one. The feat of rising is attended with such great difficulty that you fancy he purposely avoids haste as a precautionary measure to prevent himself from breaking. When he has regained his feet, it takes him an hour to find his usual suppleness of action.

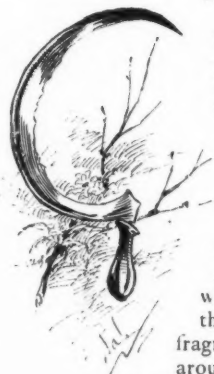
But there is always a merry twinkle in his eye, and a song on his lips. He works slowly, because he believes that if a thing were well done it should be done slowly and not quickly. But when the clock strikes six he is all speed and alacrity, and even if his home be several miles distant, he is there in less time than it would require him to prune one of your plum trees.

Penseroso.

Sad is he who works for you by contract, or, as he says himself, lumps the job. For instead of nursing and stretching the job until it shall yield sufficient gold to build him a house, he does his utmost to finish it as swiftly as possible. He is sad, because he can not enjoy his work as does the day laborer; and he can not enjoy his work, because naturally he must do it with the greatest possible speed. He rakes so fast that he pulls teeth out of the implement, and occasionally drives the handle through a window behind him. If you speak, he will not notice you. He can not

work and play at the same time, and his face wears a grim, melancholy expression that would be an ornament to a hearse-driver. He runs the lawn mower, if it be not his own, over stones and broken bottles, without looking or caring where he is going. He never smiles, but wears a morose look, like that of an organ grinder when you rudely request him to move on, just as he has reached that part of Rigoletto where he begins to unfurl the chain preparatory to dispatching the monkey with the tin porringer. "When twilight lets her mantle down and pins it with a star," the contract laborer is generally at the kitchen door with outstretched palm, like an Eastern mendicant. His work is done and he wants his shekels of silver. He departs with them with a sad melancholy air, because he knows he has been only half paid for an ordinary day's work, while the person employing him knows he has been amply rewarded — for his work is never more than half done.

R. K. M.



LIMITED CAPABILITIES.

MR. WASHINGTON McALLISTER MILTON. — "Patent Safety razor; a birthday remembrance from Miss Julia Mashem." — Now, that's very kind of Julia; but she's be'n in s'ciety long 'nough to know a thing like that's no use for a gen'elman to take to a pahty !

Puck's Pictorial Gazetteer

XXX.

WEST POINT, N. Y.



WEST POINT is the seat of the United States Military Academy, and also the seat of the Superintendent of the Military Academy, who has an extremely pleasant way of sitting down on every one and every thing in the vicinity.

The inhabitants are mostly officers and cadets; and, although the latter are greatly in the majority, they do not by any means control the sceptre of government. The government is in fact an absolute monarchy, with all power vested in the aforesaid Superintendent.

The population of the town is about five hundred inflated heads and fifty thousand brass buttons.

The language spoken is called Cadet Slang, and resembles Volapük in that it is perfectly unintelligible to the casual visitor. This seems a great drawback at first; but after one or two conversations have been translated for him, the visitor rather congratulates himself on his ignorance of the language.

The industries of West Point are limited. In agriculture, a large

crop of buckwheats is annually gathered in at the June examinations. Oats also are plentiful, being principally of the genus *Wild*. The only manufacturing are the Earth Works.

West Point is famous as a summer resort for numerous pretty girls; and it is needless to say that they are at all times surrounded by arms.

The town is remarkably healthy, the only disease known being the Cadet Fever, an epidemic which attacks the lady visitors shortly after their arrival. The symptoms are a delicate, rose-tinged blush, and a Rives glance of the eye, whenever a brass-buttoned object appears.

The only national bank is the Faro Bank, an institution admirably managed by government officers and paying large dividends to the winners.

The principal store of the town is the Cadet Commissary, which does a large and prosperous business in bay rum and castile soap, these useful adjuncts of the toilet being sold, however, only on the Surgeon's prescription.

West Point is famous for its Baths. These are of three kinds, —

water, sun, and lead pencil. According to the Regulations of the town each cadet inhabitant is required to register for one bath a week. Whether he takes one or not is immaterial;

but by law, he is required to register in the book kept for that purpose. Hence the name — lead pencil bath. In case an inhabitant fails to comply with the provisions of this law, when the misdemeanors are published, his name will appear on the "Roll of the Great Unwashed."

The entire town is heated by a system of steam pipes which, being constantly out of repair, are a midwinter source of cool, refreshing draughts, that must be felt to be appreciated.

The Hospital of West Point is remarkable solely for its architectural beauty. The medicine practiced is of the Allpathetic school and has two treatments: one, a painting of Iodine for all external troubles; the other, a solution of Soda Mint for all internal afflictions. In dangerous cases, this order is reversed.

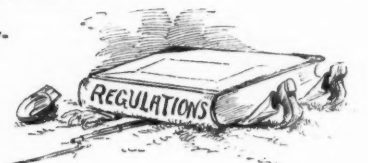
The regulations, about five thousand in number, governing the cadet inhabitants, are very strict. When the subject of capital punishment was being considered in New York, it was proposed to take all criminals to West Point and scare them to death by reading these regulations. This was considered an excellent plan, until it was suggested that it would kill the Sheriff to read the laws. The project was then abandoned

and resort was had to electricity.

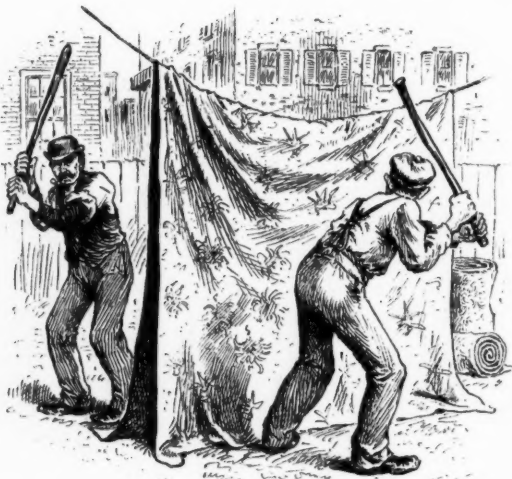
It was at West Point that Tennyson wrote his famous lines:

"Break, break, break,
All the laws of West Point, O Cadet!
But oh, let the eye of the law find you out,
And rich punishment you'll surely get."

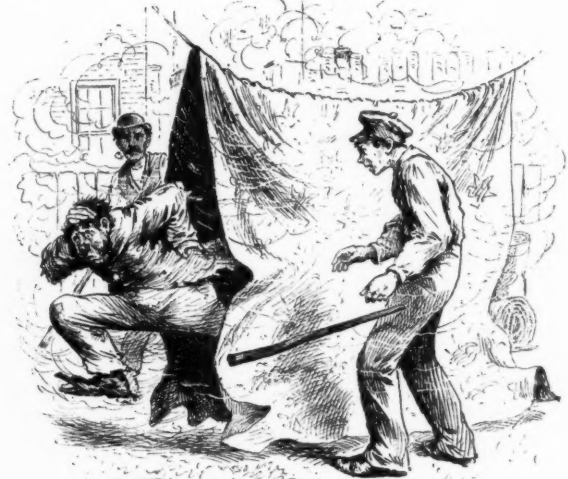
W. H. Wassell.



STORM-BEATEN.



FIRST CARPET-BEATER (on the return to work, after lunch).—Now, then, Jimmy, let's finish up this last one in a hurry! Are you ready?
SECOND CARPET-BEATER.—Yep!
FIRST CARPET-BEATER.—Then let'er go!



HUSKY SHAUGHNESSY (the Wanderer).—This here loss o' sleep is breakin' me all up!

AN IMPORTANT PART.



FEW EVENINGS AGO I attended a theatrical entertainment given by amateur talent, and I was strongly reminded of a similar attempt at the histrionic in which I was more or less prominently guilty.

I don't know what there was about the dramatic club's effort to remind me of the affair in which I participated so many years ago, unless it was, perhaps, that the expenses attending the production were considerably more than the receipts from all sources. There was but little similarity between the renditions, from an artistic standpoint.

As I think of that "show" in the long ago, I smile involuntarily. Of course you can not see me smile, but if you will kindly allow your lineaments to relax their rigidity at this point you will greatly oblige me and assist in securing the same general effect.

The entertainment was, I remember, a "pin show." Not because anything rare, unique, valuable or beautiful in pins was exhibited among the curiosities in the museum department, but because pins to the number of fifteen secured the admission of one auditor under the age of ten years, while double that number, or the option of three cents, purchased one "Open sesame" for an adult.

The loft of Hank Hoffmire's father's barn was nearly filled with a large and, for the most part, cultivated audience, and one which was unanimously appreciative of each and every feature. The attractions offered were varied and unique, and concluded with the very laughable comedy drama, entitled: "Sambo's Revenge; or, He Laughs Best Who Laughs The Most," adapted from the "Refined Ethiopian Drama," introducing the entire strength of the company.

It was not at first intended that I should appear in this production, as during the performance I acted as door-tender, played the harmonica for the clog dance, did a thrilling trapeze act, took charge of the curtain, or, rather, the two sheets which we borrowed for the occasion from Hank's mother, was prompter, and performed several other important duties; but after the parts had been given out for "Sambo's Revenge," including *Sambo*, *Caesar*, *Pomp*, *Snowball*, *Clem*, *George Washington*, and others, it was discovered that there was one more part in the play than there were members of the aggregation of talent, unless my services were retained; and, under protest, I was at last induced to essay the character of *Omnes*, as set down in the play-book.

My part was a not very important or thrilling one, I remember. My lines were principally, "We Will! We Will!" "Hear! Hear!" "Go on, Go on!" "Hurrah!" or, expressions of a similar nature, all of which I delivered with great gusto when it came my turn, while the rest kept silence. Then the book would say, "*Exeunt Omnes*," and I would go out with promptness and despatch.

There was one funny thing. My character was not mentioned in the cast at the beginning of the play, and *Omnes* was never instructed to enter with the other characters at "L. U. E.," was never "discovered," and I had to just watch my chance and sneak upon the stage in time to "exeunt" according to the recurring directions.

I noticed at the time that there was much amusement among certain portions of the audience over the cast of characters as written in rather sprawling chirography, by the business manager, on the tiny programmes; and every time I delivered one of my speeches, I was greeted with storms of applause; the College boys, who had dropped in, together with several young

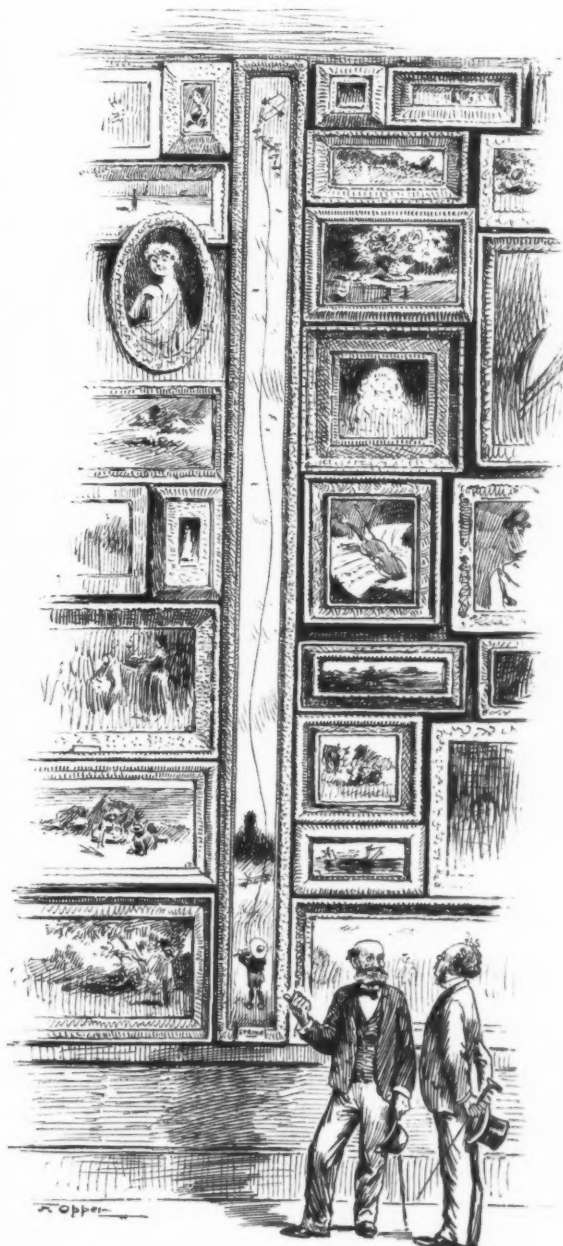


THE DOG TO STAY ON TOP.

TOM.—Soy, Jerry, d' yer know what?

JERRY.—No; what?

TOM.—Why, dey 're puttin' all der wires under ground, and I suppose dat dese teasers what we has ter lug around goes wid der rest!



HE STRUCK IT AT LAST.

EXULTANT ARTIST.—I was determined if the Academy accepted my picture this year, that they should hang it on the line!

ladies from the Seminary, being particularly enthusiastic.

I did not understand the real humor of the thing as well then as I did later on, when I got my smattering of Latin; but it was a long time before I grew so large and muscular that it was considered dangerous to address me as *Omnes* in ordinary conversation.

C. N. Hood.

SPRING SMILES.

Sweet May is here, and Nature smiles
On flowery lawn and lea;
But broadest, merriest smiles of all
The happy mud-banks see.

Wide-grinning, far as shells may stretch,
The oysters in a group
Hymn out the praises of the days
When they 're not in the soup!

WHERE THEIR WEALTH
CAME FROM.

MRS. LENOX HILL.—The idea of those Poorbods going to Europe, and saying they intend to bid on some of the French crown jewels! Where in the world did they get their money?

MR. HILL.—You forget that their house was on the line of the Washington Centennial parades.

HIS CLAIM FOR OFFICE.

MR. WANAMAKER (to APPLICANT).—So you would like the Squashville post-office?

APPLICANT.—Yes, sir; I have been aiding the Republican party for twenty years, and this is the first time I ever asked for any thing.

MR. WANAMAKER.—There is something queer about this. A petition in favor of your rival says you have always voted the Democratic ticket.

APPLICANT.—That may be true; but I have aided the Republican party all the same, for I have bought my stock at your store ever since I went into business.

MR. WANAMAKER.—Ah! I'll consider your case.

IN SPITE of the constant variety in a tramp's life, he is continually looking for a little change.



THE GROWTH OF THE "GRAND CHORUS." — FI



THE "TIPPING" SYSTEM IN AMERICA.
 CHORUS. — Fifty Cents All 'Round, Please!

F. Opper



GOSPEL TRUTH.

OLONEL ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD shows surprising inaptitude in selecting the texts for his great religious and humorous daily. He should search the Scriptures. To show the Colonel the sort of thing the public wants, we have made the following collection of appropriate passages which he might have used throughout the past ten months. It is an epitome of the late campaign and subsequent political events up to the present time:—

Two men shall be in the field: the one shall be taken and the other left.—*Luke xvii, 36.*

They set their mouth against the heavens, and their tongue walketh through the earth.—*Psalms lxxiii, 9.*

I will open my mouth in a parable: I will utter dark sayings of old.—*Psalms lxxviii, 2.*

The cities of the south shall be shut up.—*Jeremiah xlii, 19.*

They are corrupt, and speak wickedly concerning oppression.—*Psalms lxxiii, 8.*

They are enclosed in their own fat.—*Psalms xvii, 10.*

And they shall come from the cities of Judah, and from the places about Jerusalem, and from the land of Benjamin, and from the plain, and from the mountains, and from the south, bringing burnt offerings.—*Jeremiah xvii, 26.*

And the cup was found in Benjamin's sack.—*Genesis xlii, 12.*

They are brought down and fallen: but we are risen and stand upright.—*Psalms xx, 8.*

When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice: but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn.—*Proverbs xxix, 2.*

I will return unto mine house whence I came out. And when he cometh, he findeth it swept and garnished.—*Luke xi, 24, 25.*

And he said, Go thy way, Daniel.—*Daniel xii, 9.*

Behold, Elijah is here.—*1 Kings xviii, 8.* Behold, thy servant Jacob is behind us.—*Genesis xxxii, 20.*

Then goeth he, and taketh to him seven other spirits more wicked than himself; and they enter in and dwell there.—*Luke xi, 26.*

What seest thou, Jeremiah? And I said, Figs.—*Jeremiah xxiv, 3.*

The portion of Jacob is not like them; for he is the former of all things.—*Isaiah li, 19.*

The young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.—*Psalms xci, 13.*

The campaign openeth, and its inevitable result is foreshown.

Each party attempteth to educate the people.

Colonel Shepard taketh part in the discussion.

He also waveth the bloody shirt.

The party of the Republicans seeketh after boodle, and deceiveth the people.

A certain one, Foster, giveth a valuable hint.

And the party fryeth out the fat wherewith it may anoint its chosen.

The campaign closeth. Benjamin is taken and Grover is left.

Colonel Shepard exulteth:

But all virtuous folk are cast down.

The king enjoyeth his own again, and Benjamin entereth the White House.

The old order changeth,

Giving place to new.
Benjamin chooseth a Premier.

And he selecteth his other Secretaries.

He taketh a ninth counselor, that the earth may bring forth her increase.

The Premier is puissant and greatly exalted. He is the chiefest among several.

Colonel Shepard predicteth for him an aggressive foreign policy.

O deliver not the soul of thy turtledove unto the multitude of the wicked.—*Psalms lxxiv, 19.*

My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations.—*James i, 2.*

Benjamin shall ravin as a wolf: in the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil.—*Genesis xlix, 27.*

He maketh them also to skip like a calf.—*Psalms xxix, 6.*

In those days they shall say no more, The fathers have eaten a sour grape and the children's teeth are set on edge.—*Jeremiah xxxi, 29.*

I discerned among the youths, a young man void of understanding.—*Proverbs vii, 7.*

I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made.—*Psalms cxxxix, 14.*

Seest thou a man that is hasty in his words? there is more hope of a fool than of him.—*Proverbs xxix, 20.*

I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the house top.—*Psalms cii, 7.*

My kinsfolk have failed, and my familiar friends have forgotten me.—*Job xix, 14.*

For promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south.—*Psalms lxxxv, 6.*

Gad, a troop shall overcome him.—*Genesis xlix, 19.*

And the last state of that man is worse than the first.—*Luke xi, 26.*

And the famine was sore in the land.—*Genesis xliii, 1.*

O ye children of Benjamin, gather yourselves together to flee out of the midst of Jerusalem, and blow the trumpet in Tekoa, and set up a sign of fire in Beth-haccerem.—*Jeremiah vi, 1.*

But Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of their's.—*Genesis xliii, 34.*

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!—*Psalms cxxxiii, 1.*

There be three things which be too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not.—*Proverbs xxx, 18.*

But breatheth a silent prayer for the preservation of his innocency.

Yet the soul of the Premier quailth not for itself and showeth no signs of travail.

Benjamin proceedeth to the distribution of the offices.

He purgeth the civil service.

He believeth in the descent of honors even unto the third generation; and showeth respect unto the children of the great.

He filleth the Austrian mission.

Colonel Shepard praiseth the appointment, and giveth his reasons.

When he filleth the German mission, Benjamin runneth amuck.

Colonel Shepard confideth what his own position is.

He bewaileth his lot.

And showeth the cause of his lamentations through the night watches.

The seekers after high places encompass Benjamin 'round about.

Indiana outdoeth Ohio.

Many hunger in vain for some good thing.

They go their way, finding nothing to devour. Panic and discord prevail in the party of the Republicans.

Benjamin knoweth not how he may approve them.

The people mock the party of the Republicans.

Colonel Shepard resigneth hope, but marvel-eth greatly at the times.

Eureka Bendall.

NINETEENTH CENTURY RUSH.

FIRST YOUNG LADY (on steps of Elevated Railroad Station).—Oh, do hurry, dear, I'm sure I hear a train coming!

SECOND YOUNG LADY.—Yes, there it is. Hurry! Hurry!

FIRST YOUNG LADY.—Oh, I'm nearly dead! Only a few more steps. Get your change ready.

SECOND YOUNG LADY (gasping).—Oh! Oh! We'll catch it. It's only just stopped. Run!

FIRST YOUNG LADY (on board train).—Oh! How my heart thumps! I feel as if I should faint.

SECOND YOUNG LADY.—Phew! I'd give a dollar for a sip of water. I feel so dizzy.

FIRST YOUNG LADY (alighting from train and looking at her watch).—It will be half an hour before the Browning Club meets. What on earth shall we do with ourselves?

SECOND YOUNG LADY.—Let's sit down here and watch the trains go by.



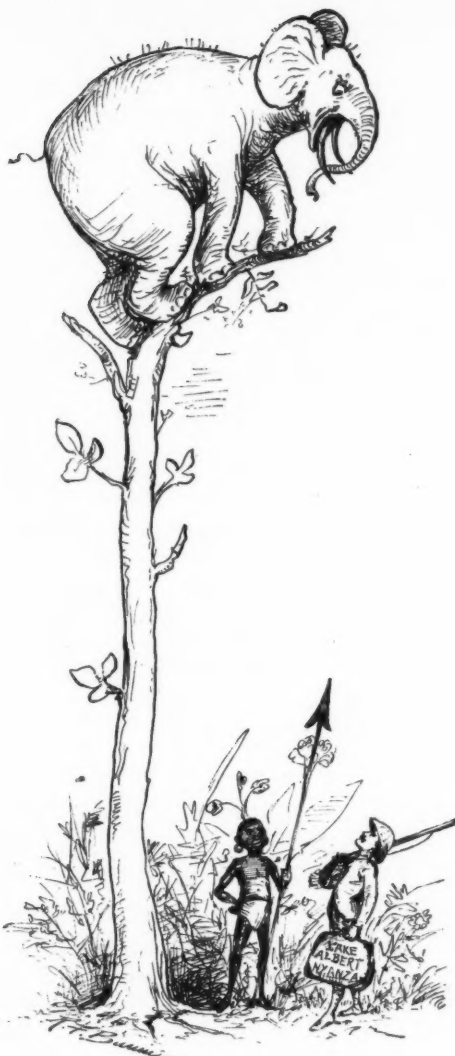
AN UNFAIR EXCHANGE.

MR. DINKLEBAUM.—Where you vas got dot Ingine close from, Mr. O'Murphy? I t'ot you vas John de Ripper coming alretty.

O'MURPHY.—Beda! Dinglebum, I was down to Flannigan's raffle last night, and I slept wid Mike Shaunnassy, the buffalo hunter; and whin I woke this mornin', Mike was gone wid me new Princey Whales suit. I've bin tuck fur Sittin' Bull four times since breakfus'.

"FLATTERER!" is a delicate periphrasis for "say so some more."

"TO A VERY small percentage of the victors belong the spoils!" said Con Sommy, as he laid his sachel down and looked for the other half of that round-trip Washington ticket.



NO WONDER.

STANLEY. — What made that elephant run up that tree?

NATIVE. — For safety. He heard there was a New York newspaper reporter in the woods, interviewing the lions and tigers, and he got frightened.

THE ONLY WAY.

LAWYER. — Wonder how we can serve this summons on Mrs. Dressy? Old Gobbins is wild for his money, and she's never at home.

CLERK. — Let the messenger make up as a newspaper reporter. That's the only way to reach actresses.

THE CORRECT REPORTEE AT LAST.



SANFORD (to MERTON, who has just pinched his thumb in the door). — Oh, dear! Does it hurt?



MERTON (to SANFORD). — No. Does that?

THESE ARE PRE-EMPTED.

Before other writers gobble them up, I hasten to inform all concerned that I claim the following titles, and all rights to same, to books now going through the mill, and soon to be published:

"Robert Elsmere's Mother-in-law;"
"Robert Elsmere's Wife's Little Sister;"
"Robert Elsmere's Chambermaid;"
"Robert Elsmere's Aunt's Grandfather;"
"Robert Elsmere's Big Brother;"
"Robert Elsmere's Great Aunt;"
"Robert Elsmere's Godfather;"
"Robert Elsmere's Coachman;"
"Robert Elsmere's Grandfather's Yellow Dog;"

"Robert Elsmere's First Son's Second Baby."

I may add, also, that I reserve the right of dramatization to each and all of the above works.

Wm. H. Siviter.

ONE UNOFFENDING EDITOR.

FIRST SENATOR. — The President has appointed the editor of the *Numbskull Daily* to a consulship, eh? Well, I don't know any thing about him. Has he ever written any thing unpleasant about us?

SECOND SENATOR. — No. He had a contract to dig a well for the original owners of the paper; and, as they could not pay for the job, he had to take the paper for the debt. He can't write or read, either.

FIRST SENATOR. — Oh, then, of course he's all right!

ALMOST OFF THE TRACK.

MISS AMY TOUR. — Don't you find the glare of the footlights very annoying, Mr. Hamme?

MR. MCCREADY HAMME. — Oh, no, not at all! But the glare of the headlights, however — eh, but, as you were saying, the life of a histrionic favorite, etc.

THE STOVE-PIPE JOKE is a thing of the past — including jests on Senator Evarts's old hats.

HOWEVER HARD it may be to live on a small salary, it is a good deal harder to die on one.

THE SOCIETY MAN, like the turtle, is no sooner "out of the swim," than he is "in the soup."

IT SEEMS to be true, after all, that the Republican Party are the chosen people. One should judge so when you see some names. There's Harrissohn, the President; Harrissohnsohn, the Son; Lincolnsohn, Minister to England; Grantsohn, Minister to Austria; Blainsohn, Examiner of Claims, and others.

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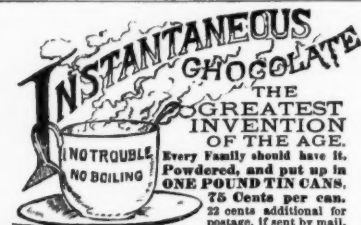
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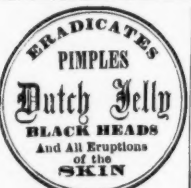
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AN ACCOMPLISHED CLERGYMAN.

Mrs. FRONTPEW.—I think it is shocking—the interest our minister is taking in base-ball. Why, I saw him out playing yesterday afternoon with a lot of boys from the college.

Mr. FRONTPEW.—Oh, I don't know that there is any thing wrong about base-ball!

Mrs. FRONTPEW.—I don't say that it is really immoral; but by-and-by he'll get a curve pitch, as they call it, and either leave the pulpit or want ten thousand dollars a year. — *Chicago Herald.*

STERN PARENT (to a young applicant for his daughter's hand).—Young man, can you support a family?

YOUNG MAN (meekly).—I only wanted Sarah. — *Boston Post.*

HERE is the latest Tory joke: Why can not Mr. Gladstone have his life insured? Because no man living can make out his policy. — *Boston Post.*



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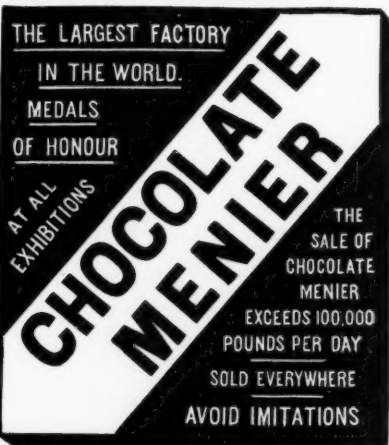
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MISS GUSHINGTON (to society pet of '87-'88, apropos of society pet of '88-'89).—Oh, Mr. Flitters, did you hear that? How clever he is! So much taste, has n't he?
MR. FLITTERS.—Yes, Madam; and it's all so bad!—*Harper's Bazar*.

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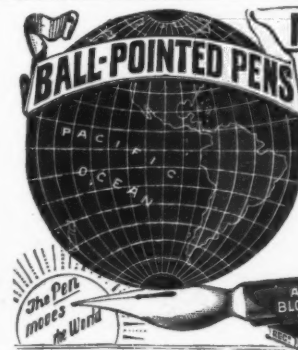
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MAN WITH HAMMER.—To see if they are sound yet.
CAR-WHEEL MANUFACTURER (nervously).—Well, please don't hit 'em quite so hard.—*New York Weekly*.

WISE IN HIS GENERATION.
GILLS.—There's a friend of mine has a scheme—
MERRITT.—That's enough; don't go into it.—*Harper's Bazar*.



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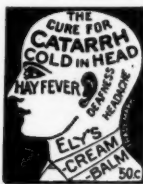
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MIKE (*in City Hall Park, looking at tree plate marked "Triacanthus Gleditschia"*). — Say, Bill, what's th' manin' o' that?
 BILL. — Mike, yo' eddication's bin sadly neglected. That's Latin for "Keep off the Grass." — *Munsey's Weekly.*

LANGUOR OF THOSE WHO LINGER.
 Anything else, sir?
 BELATED VISITOR TO BERMUDA. — Aw, yes, a-anothat bottle, Snodkins, and, ah, you might scweam or-a-something. I—a—believe somebody fell into the—a—water just now. — *Time.*

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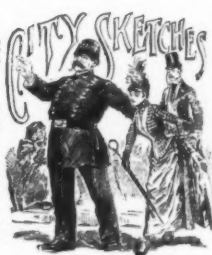
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ENJOYING HIMSELF.

YOUNG MAN (looking over hotel register). — I see that Joshua Crawfish, of Crawfishville, is stopping here. Where can I find him? He's an uncle of mine.

CLERK. — I think you will find him in the elevator; he's been riding up and down all the forenoon. — *Harper's Bazar.*

NO GREAT ADVANTAGE.

MR. HIGHLIVE (looking up from the paper). — Well, well! Wonders will never cease! They've got so now that they can photograph in colors.

MRS. HIGHLIVE (glancing at his nose). — I think, my dear, you'd better get your picture taken before the old process is abandoned. — *New York Weekly.*

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UNFORTUNATE.

CONFIDENCE MAN. — Why, bless my soul, Mr. Humpkins! when'd you get in from O.h.kosh — and how'd you leave my uncle, Mr. Clark, you know, of the Columbia National Bank?

MR. HUMPKINS (frigidly). — Allow me to inform you, young man, that your uncle, Mr. Clark, is now sojourning in Montreal, Canada. Good day, sir. — *Prison Mirror.*

A NEW paper is to be started in New York by the barbers, to be called the *Shaver*. It will probably be illustrated with cuts. — *Boston Com'l Bulletin.*

DIAMONDS, like liberty, are achieved only by washing tons. — *Jewelers' Weekly.*

ALTHOUGH Washington held the key to success, it took him several years to wind up the Revolution. — *Jewelers' Weekly.*

OKLAHOMA is said to be filled with settlers. It is different with Canada. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

THE PINK OF PROPRIETY — The maiden's blush. — *Boston Com'l Bulletin.*

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